ELIZABETH CITY STAR
AND
North Carolina Eastern Intelligencer.

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☞ *Advertisements will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly, unless otherwise marked by the writers. No advertisement will be inserted for less than one dollar.*

☞ *Persons at a distance must accompany their advertisements with the money, or they will not be inserted.*

☞ *Letters addressed to the Editor must be postpaid, or they will not be lifted.*

STAGE LINE

From Norfolk to Elizabeth-City Via Deep Creek and Dismal Swamp Canal.

Stage leaves the Steam Boat Hotel, Norfolk every *Tuesday* and *Friday* morning, at half past five, and arrives in Elizabeth City at 2 P. M. same day.

Leaves National Hotel, Elizabeth City, on *Sunday* and *Wednesday* mornings, at half past five, and arrives in Norfolk at 3 P. M. same day.

This line runs over one of the best roads in the United States; the carriages are new, and built expressly for this line, and the teams and drivers of the first quality. The stage arrives at Elizabeth City on Tuesday in time to enable the southern passengers to take the steam boat Petersburg for Newbern.

The Proprietors assure the public that no exertion on their part shall be wanting to merit their patronage.

*** All baggage is at the risk of the owners.

THE PROPRIETORS.

Elizabeth City, July 29

UNION HOTEL
RALEIGH.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken charge of that well known house of entertainment, formerly occupied by Willie Jones, at the city of Raleigh, near the Capitol, where his table will be furnished with the best the country and seasons afford, his beds in fine order, and his rooms commodious and neat. His stables will be well supplied with good provender, attended by careful ostlers, and his house with good servants.—He will provide sheds under which to shelter Carriages, Gigs, &c.—He hopes that with all these comforts, and his own unremitted attentions to please his guests, to merit and receive a share of public patronage.—He also hopes that the members of the General Assembly will call on him, as his charges will be moderate and his accommodations good.

Robert Perry

Raleigh, August 19.

NOTICE.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the firm of *Stafford & Barclift* is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and Isaac F. Stafford is authorized to settle all accounts with the firm.

ISAAC F. STAFFORD.
THOMAS P. BARCLIFT.

Elizabeth-City, Aug. 29.

THE Gig and Carriage making business will in future be carried on at the same place by the subscriber, who takes this opportunity to return his acknowledgements to his friends and the public for the liberal share of patronage already extended to him.

He has a number of Gigs on hand, which he offers for sale low for cash, good notes, or produce. He also continues to repair all work in his line on moderate terms. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to.

Isaac F Stafford.

Elizabeth City, Sept. 2

COTTON YARN,

Manufactured by Ross & Scott, *Isle of Wight County, Va.*

NO. 5 to 16, inclusive, of a superior quality for sale on liberal terms, by

James D Thorburn,
Agent for the Factory.

October 14.

FLOUR, PORK, &c.

SUPERFINE, and Family Flour, Mess and Prime Pork.

ALSO,

Whiskey and Brandy, just received by

Mathew Cluff.

BARRELS of Pilot, Navy and ship Bread. ALSO, Crackers

For sale by

Mathew Cluff.

Cheap Living.

THE subscriber at the old stand of *City Hotel* Elizabeth City, taking into consideration the reduced prices of most articles of consumption, together, with the extreme scarcity of *Cash*, has resolved to reduce his charges to the following very low rates:

Dinner and Horsefeed - - -	50
Dinner only, 37½ Horsefeed only,	25
Breakfast 25, Supper - - -	25
Lodging, - - - - -	12½
Man and Horse per day -	$1 25
Man per day - - -	75
Ditto per week - -	$4 00
Ditto per month - -	$15 00
Horse per day - - -	50
Ditto per month - -	$10 00

Persons wishing rooms with fire places, fire and candle, will be charged extra. All persons taking a room in the House, will be charged as boarders at the above rates, during their stay. Prompt pay will be expected in all cases, or the former rates will be charged.

William Albertson.

Elizabeth-City, Sept. 16.

GROCERIES.

THE subscriber offers for sale at retail,

Loaf and brown Sugars, of superior quality,
Coffee, Tea, Candles,
Shaving and common soaps,
Pepper, Allspice, Ginger,
Mustard, Starch, Fig Blue,
French Brandy and Holland Gin, of the first quality, in demijohns,
Whiskey by the barrel or retail,
Boiled Corn Meal, an excellent article.

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash, produce or firewood.

WM. ALBERTSON, *Agent.*

September 16.

10 Dollars Reward

WILL be paid for the apprehension and delivery to me or confinement in jail so I get him again, negro boy

EDMUND,

Who run away from me on the 15th ult. He is 25 or 26 years old, 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, very black; has lost a front tooth, and has a scar on the outside of one of his feet, believed to be the right. It is believed he is lurking about the neighborhoods of Mr. Joshua Summers, in Perquimans, or Mr. John Winslows in this county, at both of which places he has a sister. I hereby forewarn all persons from harboring or employing him, and all masters of vessels from carrying him off, as the law will rigidly be enforced against all so offending.

Hamilton W Cotter.

Newbeggin Creek, Pasquotank County, June 1.

Doct. Isaac P. Freeman

HAVING located himself in Elizabeth-City, respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Pasquotank and the adjacent counties, in the various branches of the practice of Medicine. By assiduity and unremitting attention to his profession, he hopes to receive a share of public patronage.

He may be found at the National Hotel, or at his shop formerly occupied by L. C. Moore as a dry goods store.

Elizabeth City, May 20.

HAYDEN'S TOOLS.

JUST received from Abner N. Hayden (on consignment) broad and narrow AXES, and a variety of other edge tools, which I shall warrant if required at his usual prices.

Hezekiah Lockwood.

March 11.

WHISKEY.

40 BARRELS Whiskey received from New York by schooner William & Thomas.

For sale by

Mathew Cluff.

June 24.

SHOES.

THE subscriber has just received a fresh supply of Ladies' Prunelle and Morocco Shoes, of the very best quality, men's fine common and coarse shoes, also, misses' boys' and childrens' shoes.

Mathew Cluff.

June 10, 1829.

JUST RECEIVED

From New York,

15 bbls. superfine & fine Flour.
10 bbls. Whiskey,
10 cases Hats and shoes.

Hezekiah Lockwood.

May 13, 1829,

State of North Carolina.
Pasquotank County:

Bedell, Hardy & co. vs. Thomas Cartwright } Original Attachment.

Levied on the lands of Thomas Cartwright adjoining the lands of John Hinds and wife, and the heirs of Joshua Long, dec'd.

It appearing to the satisfaction of this Court that Thomas Cartwright is not an inhabitant of this state. *It is ordered*, that publication be made in the Elizabeth City Star for two months that unless he appears at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the County of Pasquotank at the court house in Elizabeth City on the first Monday in December next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to said attachment—it will be taken pro confesso, and adjudged accordingly.

Test, CHAS. GRICE, Clk. c. c.

October 5, 1829.—7. Ot.

State of North Carolina.
Camden County:

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1829.

Jabez Garlington v. Abner Mercer. } Original Attachment.

"Levied on the lands of Abner Mercer adjoining the lands of Isaac Mercer and Saml. Mercer and others—the 27th May, 1829."

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Abner Mercer is not an inhabitant of this State, *It is ordered*, that publication be made in the Elizabeth City Star for six weeks that unless he appears at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the County of Camden, at the Court House in Camden, on the 7th Monday after the 4th Monday of September next, then and there to plead answer or demur to said attachment, it will be taken pro confesso and adjudged accordingly.

Test, M. S. LEWIS, Clk.

September 9, 1829.

Blanks executed at this Office.

Farmer's Repository.

The New York Horticultural Society celebrated its anniversary a few days since in Niblo's Garden. At three o'clock, an address was delivered by Dr. Francis. We give our reader's an extract, inculcating the moral purity and dignity of the agriculture.

"Of the moral purity and dignity inherent in the cultivation of the earth, I need not here insist at length. It is too obvious to be misunderstood, and is illustrated in the life and writings of many of the most distinguished names in our own as well as in foreign nations. I will merely allude to the fact that a garden was the seat of man in his state of innocence, and that it was in a garden that Plato and Aristotle, and most of the Philosophers of Athens instructed their disciples in sublime lessons of wisdom, inferior only to the truths which revelation has brought to light. And when majestic Rome subjugated and civilized the barbarous nations around her by the vigor of her arms and triumphs of her policy, the commanders of her victorious legions were chosen from the cultivators of her fields. In our own nation the Father of his Country left reluctantly the farm for the field of battle, and having overcome the enemies of freedom, returned to the labors of agriculture. And when a second time his services were demanded, having filled the measure of his own and his country's glory, he again resumed those peaceful pursuits which it was his delight to cherish, and which nothing but his country's call could have induced him to forego. From hence he was summoned by his Maker to a still higher scene; and although death in the field of battle is more consonant to human pride, to surrender our life at His bidding is more agreeable to the wish of our Maker. Thus it was ordered by his Creator, that man in a state of innocence should exercise the arts of agriculture for his enjoyment, and to a state of trial its labor for his security. The foundations of our republic were cemented in blood, but let us trust that it will rise into supremacy by the innocent arts of peace."

The following is an extract from the speech of Zebadee Cook, Esq. on the occasion, a delegate from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

"While party zeal in its blindness and its fury is pursuing its reckless career, and treading down the barriers, that a regard for private opinions should restrain; while he who sincerely worships his Creator according to the dictates of his own mind, and with all the lights that have been imparted to his understanding, is denounced as an heretic by others, who claim to be warmed by a holier zeal, or inspired by a purer devotion: While the land that is consecrated in the affections of the sons of Science and Literature, the parent land of Genius and of taste, has become fertilized with the vital cement of its defenders and oppressors: while Ferdinand of Spain is marshaling his forces to reclaim to his authority, the refractory inhabitants of South America, who dared to deny his right to rule over them, and to assert their rights to freedom;—while Nicholas of Russia is pouring his myrmidons into the country of the infidels, and planting the Banner of the Cross where the crescent waved before: while "female Atheists" are striving, but striving in vain to overturn and make havoc of the faith that has withstood the assaults of infidels for ages; who, instead of being the counsellors of our virtue, have become the defenders of profligacy, and the unblushing advocates of a system that would uproot the very foundations of the social compact; we, in pursuit of our peaceful calling, may sit down quietly under our own vines and trees with none to molest and make us afraid."

Feeding and Diseases of Hogs.

The fattening of winter hogs is a matter of importance, and by proper management, much may be saved.—As soon as the Indian corn is fit to feed, the hogs should be put in a pen. Rye, buckwheat, or corn, ground together; boiled potatoes, pumpkins, &c. make excellent slop for them; it should be made thick, and given to them three times a day; and as much of the soft Indian corn as they will eat clean.

Hogs should be fed little at a time, but often, and great care taken not to stall them at first. The last two weeks of feeding them, Indian corn and water are the best; their pen should be cleaned twice a week, and their beds made of clean straw. Swine are liable to a variety of diseases, to wit: mange, measels, stopping of the issues of their fore legs, &c. These diseases, it is believed, proceed from the filthy manner in which hogs are too frequently kept. The mange may be cured by sprinkling on the backs of the hogs, wood ashes, and letting them out of a rainy day, after putting oil on them; a more effectual way is to wash them with soap suds, and then oil them; after this trouble, keep them clean. For the measles, the flour of [illegible] to be good. For [illegible] sues in the fore legs [illegible] cessary than to [illegible] and then open the holes with the end of a knitting needle, or something of that kind.

Boiled apples, pears, pumpkins, potatoes, and squashes, all make excellent food for young shoats, and much the cheapest. Every farmer who wishes to raise pork for the market, ought to have a boiler fixed for that purpose. After harvest, hogs should be turned into the orchard, that they may get the early ripe apples, which fall before the season of cider making commences.

From the American Farmer.
CORN CROPS.

I have lately been much amused by the spirit which has been excited upon the subject of large ears of corn, intermixed, as it was, with some account of "large corn stalks." Now, sir, I like to see this strife; for there is marrow at the bottom of it. If the spirited part of your subscribers, who make large crops of corn, would give us a particular account of their manner of preparing and cultivation, and then the *whole* result, I make no doubt of their receiving the thanks of many, very many of your subscribers. I would also take the liberty of suggesting to the cultivators of the soil, that *they* would deserve the thanks of many if they would state the size of their farms and the number of acres they manure each year. This I consider as the pith and marrow of good farming. It is in farming, what charity is in religion; it covereth a multitude of deformities. I would urge this the more, because I find that some of your correspondents manure from one hundred to one hundred and fifty acres of land per year. Now, sir, I have 600 acres under the plough, and one third is annually turned, and I cannot, for my life, manure more than thirty acres one year with another. Have I to learn, after thirty years of proud ambitious service, that I am only one fifth of a farmer; and this, too, in the teeth of the fact that I have made ten bushels of wheat grow where one formerly grew? I am no boaster, sir, for I feel conscious that I have not done more than one half of what I should have done. When I speak of manure, or read of it, I understand it to be vegetable matter in a state of decay; and when spoken of by a farmer, without particular reference, I always understand that it has been made upon the farm. It is the fat of land, and he who makes the most and applies it judiciously, must be the best farmer. It is the food of vegetables, and they, like animals, can only exist in proportion to their food. I am not, however, sure that great feeders are great breeders, either in the animal or vegetable kingdom; but I think that your large corn stalks must have been very kind feeders and well served.

From the New England Farmer.

Horn Ail in Cattle.—I found the receipt in your paper, of January 9th, for the cure of the horn ail to be ineffectual, by experiment on an ox, last April. In the month of October, one of my oxen in high flesh, appeared to be unwell, refused to eat but little, and soon became so weak as to reel in walking, breathed very hard, and discharged such immense quantities of putrid matter from his nose, that we supposed the internal parts of his head were perishing. By the advice of a large owner of cattle, I freely applied spirits of turpentine on the top of the head, along the roots of his horns, for a number of days with apparent success, as he soon began to feed well, and in a few weeks I sold him for market. It is a severe remedy, throwing the animal into extreme agony.

Yours respectfully,
THOMAS HAZEN.

Norwich Feb 1. 1829.

Eat and drink with moderation, keep the body open, rise early, take moderate exercise, be cleanly in your person, wash often, bathe frequently, and you may then calculate upon health.

Employment is the guardian of female innocence; do not allow women time to be idle; let them be the first dressed and the last undressed all the year round.

THE QUAKERS.

At a Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, held in London, by adjournments, from the 20th of the 5th month to the 29th of the same inclusive 1829—

This meeting has been introduced into a feeling of much sympathy and brotherly love for brethrenon the American continent. We have heard, with deep concern and sorrow, of the close trials to which they have been subjected by the diffusion of anti-Christian doctrines among them; and we consider it to be a duty to disclaim, and we hereby do disclaim, all connexion, as a religious society, with any meetings, for the purpose of worship or discipline, which have been established, or which are upheld, by those who have embraced such anti-Christian doctrines.

And, in order to prevent any misapprehension as to our views, we feel ourselves called upon, at this time, to avow our belief in the inspiration and divine authority of the Old and New Testaments.

We further believe, that the promise made, after the transgression of our first parents, in the consequences of whose fall all the posterity of Adam are involved, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent—and the declaration unto Abraham, "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed," had a direct reference to the coming in the flesh of the Lord Jesus Christ. To Him, also, did the prophet Isaiah bear testimony, when he declared; "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." And again, the same prophet spoke of him when he said, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted; but he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised, for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."—The same blessed Redeemer is emphatically denominated by the prophet Jeremiah "the Lord our Righteousness."

At that period, and in that miraculous manner, which God in his perfect wisdom saw fit, the promised Messiah appeared personally upon the earth, when "He took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham." "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—Having finished the work which was given him to do, he gave himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God. He tasted death for every man. "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." He passed into the Heavens and being the brightness of the glory of God, "and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high," and ever liveth to make intercession for us.

It is by the Lord Jesus Christ that the world will be judged in righteousness.—He is the mediator of the new covenant; "the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature; for by him were all things created that are in Heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" and to him did the Evangelist bear testimony when he said, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men." He "was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Our blessed Lord himself spoke of his perpetual dominion and power in his Church when he said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life;" and when, describing the spiritual food which he bestoweth on the true believers, he declared, "I am the bread of life, he that cometh to me shall never hunger: and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." He spoke also of his saving grace, bestowed on those who come in faith unto him, when he said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

Our religious Society, from its earliest establishment to the present day, has received these most important doctrines of Holy Scripture in their plain and obvious acceptation; and we do not acknowledge as in fellowship with us, as a christian community, any body of religious-professors which does not thus accept them, or which openly receives and accredits as ministers those who attempt to invalidate any of these doctrines, which we esteem as essential parts of the Christian religion.

It is the earnest desire of this Meeting that all who profess our name may so live and so walk before God, as that they may know these sacred truths to be blessed to them individually. We desire that, as the mere possession of sound Christian doctrine will not avail to the salvation of the soul, all may attain to a living efficacious faith, which, through the power of the Holy Ghost, bringeth forth fruit unto holiness; the end whereof is everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

Signed in, by order, and on behalf of the Meeting aforesaid.

JOSIAH FORSTER, Clerk.

From the Milton Gazette.

A visit to the Pilot Mountain.

In the prosecution of a short excursion to the western part of the State, having heard how beautiful the natural scenery in the vicinity of the Pilot was, and wishing to enjoy the extensive and picturesque view said to be presented to the eye of the traveller from its elevated pinnacle, we thought proper to take it in our route. On the evening of the 12th we could first observe it dimly appearing in the distance, from an eminence which we surmounted just before entering the village of Wentworth, in Rockingham. From this distance, nearly 50 miles, where the view is obstructed by numerous hills of no inconsiderable magnitude themselves, only its pinnacle and a faint outline of its sides appear visible, and the mountain seems to be closely connected with the range of the Sauratown mountains, stretching a considerable distance in perspective, to the right. We saw nothing more of the mountain until we approached within seven miles of Germanton, where its size was considerably enlarged and it appeared separate and isolated.—We then had occasional views of it, some of them very fine and striking, until we arrived at the place where we left the main Western road to the right, and made our way to a house of entertainment on the south. The view that we enjoyed while passing this distance, was beautiful and sublime in a very high degree. The mountain appears towering out of an extensive plain, and without its pinnacle would constitute an object of considerable attraction; but when the eye is raised from the contemplation of the body of the eminence to the prodigious and lofty mass of superincumbent rock which crowns its top, the view becomes truly magnificent. It resembles more one of those ancient castles perched upon the lofty crags of Granada, which our distinguished countryman Washington Irving, has so inimitably described in his last production, than any other object with which we are acquainted. Its moss-covered sides, rendered gray by the action of the elements for a long series of years, connected with the peculiar distribution of light and shade, caused by the rugged outline of the pinnacle, reminds, most forcibly, the observer of the ivied walls and ruined towns which are so familiar to every reader of renown; whilst the appearance here and there of a huge column of solid rock of more than 300 feet high, reminds him that only a groupe of armed men on one of these towers of Nature, is needed to complete the picture. Walking beneath, in the sober gray of evening, one can almost imagine he hears the Wardens call, or that the slow and measured tread of the Sentinel falls upon the ear—so striking the appearance and similarity.

After refreshing ourselves and recovering from the fatigue incident to a ride of 20 miles that morning, we set off about half past 1 o'clock for the summit. We cooled our thirst a little before we reached the foot of the ascent, at a spring of clear, refreshing water, highly impregnated with Sulphate of Magnesia, and possibly other mineral ingredients, which our guide informed us was highly esteemed by the invalids who resort to the Pilot and its neighborhood to inhale its pure atmosphere, and drink fresh health from its medicinal fountain. We soon commenced ascending, and proceeded about half a mile up a rocky and fatiguing way; the eye being occasionally relieved by spots of ground of a deep black cast, where the wild locust-tree and the rattle weed, the invariable tenants of a rich soil, shot up with great luxuriance. We here reached a place comparatively flat and level. On our left there arose an opposite peak with its high and wild ledge of rocks, from which startled, by our intrusion into his solitary domains, a raven croaked his hoarse notes and *ominously* uttered his displeasure at this untimely disturbance of his rest. One of the party discharged a pistol at the occupant of this wild region; but the giant bird wheeled apparently with calm contempt in the air—hurled his note of defiance at his intruders, and winged his way leisurely towards the west; whilst thousands of his own and different species, startled by the discharge, caused the neighboring heights to ring with their cries. We now turned to the right, and if our views had been hitherto magnificent, they were here awfully sublime. The lofty pinnacle, which, in some tremendous convulsion, must have been shot up from the unknown depths below, with a force almost beyond the strongest effort of imagination to conceive—rose upon our astonished view, and exhibited almost over our very heads, mass piled on mass, lowering in fearful grandeur on the world below. Those outlines which, softened and shaded by distance, appeared, even then jagged and uneven, now swelled into what we may term the workings of Nature in her wildest mood, and assumed the most imposing and awful forms. And when the attention escaped from the scene as a whole, and the eye was permitted to trace the alarming fissures which frequently divided the overhanging mass, there was nothing in our view more calculated to excite emotions of terrible sublimity. We pursued our way for a few paces, inclining to the left of the pinnacle—our attention completely enwrapped by the objects which surrounded us, when, without any previous indication of the fact from the appearance of the perpendicular rock before us, our guide suddenly paused and pointed upwards to the only access by which we could reach the summit. It seems, indeed that Nature had left this path for the especial behoof of the traveller, and as she esteemed this exhibition of her grandeur incomplete, unless from the towering pinnacle he should be able to enjoy the boundless prospect which opens upon his gaze. To a person who first contemplates it, the ascent by a kind of steps, rugged, uneven and apparently insecure, seems exceedingly perilous; but after learning that many a fairy form, with its white drapery fluttering in the breeze, has been suspended on those fearful looking cliffs, and rested perfectly secure, though a fall of 300 feet would attend a mere slip of the foot, the difficulty appears to lessen and he fearlessly undertakes to climb. When this has been achieved, he feels himself amply compensated for the danger he has encountered.—An almost boundless prospect bursts upon his view. On all sides a thousand objects of interest to the eye, which delights to dwell on scenes of Nature, attracts his attention. The place from which he makes his observations is pleasant—nearly covered with foliage and shrubbery, and fanned by the most refreshing breeze.—On the South and East his eye ranges delighted over an almost interminable plain. He brings into one field of vision the thousand farms below: which, from his elevated situation, appear as small patches or embowered gardens, seemingly traversed by veins of liquid metal. The majestic Yadkin appears in the distance, hurrying his silvery tribute to the Ocean; and by a single "coup d'œil" the Dan with his fertile fields and highly cultivated tract is brought into review. Having glutted his sight with the magnificent panorama thus stretched out before him; he turns his admiring gaze to the North and the West, where his compass of vision is only limited by the Blue Ridge extending from the West into the far distant regions of the East. The Sauratown mountains appear but a short distance, but comparatively beneath him. Here, with this magnificent scene encompassing him on all sides, he rests in perfect security.—And if, perchance, a white cloud but raises its threatening head towards the regions of the setting sun, and the muttering of distant thunder remind him that the thousand points around are but too fair marks for "winged lightning and its impetuous rage," he need be under no apprehension, for he rests above the region of the clouds. We were informed that it constitutes one of the most grand and sublime scenes to look from the Rockcrowned Pilot, on the darkness of the cloud below, gathering and thickening around its sides for the storm;—to see the lightnings flash and hear the rolling of the thunder, as it bounds from cliff to cliff, and dies away in hoarse murmurs along the vallies of the mountain.

To those who are accustomed to lofty mountains and scenes of savage grandeur, this description may seem overwrought; but, as is the case with the Pilot, when the mountain has no connection with other ranges, but rises grand and peculiar from the bosom of a plain, its height, its pinnacle, and the variety of its scenery, invest it with a peculiar character. It is raised upwards of 1580 feet from the surrounding country; its cloud-piercing pinnacle rises 300 feet perpendicularly from the top of the mountain. On the whole it constitutes an object richly worth a trip of some distance to view it. We left it with feelings of regret that we did it so soon, and with a determination, if ever an opportunity should offer, to revisit it, and again to feast our sight with its noble prospect.

UNUS ET ALTER.

Caswell, July 24th, 1829.

We would call the attention of the public to the Speech of Henry Clay, delivered at Fowler's Garden, recently published in this city by T. W. White, in a handsome pamphlet. The preliminary remarks are spirited and judicious; we re-publish the following as a specimen.—We trust the publisher will be amply remunerated.

Richmond Whig.

"No man who ever lived in this country has been the object of a more untiring and relentless system of calumny, than *Henry Clay*. Not content with having expelled him from the Public Councils, his enemies seem resolved to leave no effort untried, which malice can invent, to torture their victim. They seem unwilling that he should find repose even in the sanctuary of retirement; and, having succeeded in hunting down their game, they are still hurling their poisoned arrows at his reputation and peace. There is scarcely a vice or foible, of which an individual can be guilty—that is not charged upon this eminent and abused Statesman. There is hardly a single expression which escapes his lips, or a solitary action of his life, that is not seized upon and maliciously perverted by his foes. Does *Henry Clay* return to the bosom of his adopted state, and is he greeted at the festive board by the heart-wellcomes and salutations of thousands of his old friends and constituents, he is sneeringly denounced as a "*table orator!*" Does he boldly vindicate his own high and honourable course, and arraign the Tyrannical and Proscriptive Measures of the Administration, he is instantly charged with *disorganizing and restless ambition!* There is nothing which he can say—no matter how true, how solemn or worthy of the most profound consideration of the American People, which is not ascribed to the meanest personal motives. All his great and distinguished services—his invincible firmness during the War with England, when dissatisfaction had reared her font, and threatened even disunion and submission—seem now to have been forgotten. His noble exertions and sympathies for struggling liberty in other parts of the globe, are now cast back upon him as a reproach. His skill as a diplomatist, in restoring peace to this bleeding land;—his unrivalled efforts in building up his Country's prosperity, and guarding her interests against the commercial rapacity of foreign nations;—his fearless and successful compromise of the Missouri question, which threatened to light up the flames of civil war;—his eloquent denunciation of military usurpation and misrule;—all these and many more acts of devoted patriotism, are no longer remembered—or if remembered, are cruelly and wantonly wrested to his injury. Nay,—such has been the unscrupulous malignity of some of his assailants, that not content with branding him as an aspiring demagogue,—they have even the audacity to deny him all capacity as a statesman. With a hardihood which was never surpassed, they roundly assert that he has palmed upon the public the productions of other pens as his own—and that even his speeches abound in oratorical tinsel, and wordy declamation.—Even those whose age and infirmities ought rather to have subdued than awakened feelings of revenge—forgetting the respect due to the elevated station which they occupy—are found diligently engaged in this unholy work of calumny. They display extraordinary zeal in clothing in some new dress their own long refuted slanders—and, in spite of all the warnings of experience—in defiance of all the suggestions of self-respect, continue to annoy the public, with their brainless and impotent effusions. In this wearisome and disgusting round of detraction, there are also found individuals, whose profession it is, to diffuse light and intelligence through the country—who inscribe over their columns the motto of "*Verite sans Peur*," but whose scurrilous pens and party coloured selections, are constantly betraying their disregard of truth, and the deep inveteracy which rankles in their hearts. Once indeed, they would have fawned upon and flattered, and called by the endearing title of *Friend*, him who is now the perpetual theme of their reproach. But times have changed, and other purposes are now to be served. It is the nature of us erring mortals, to hate with peculiar rancour, those whom we have wantonly and treacherously injured, though once the idols of our praise."

Late Foreign News.

By the superior, fast sailing ship *Tally-Ho*, Capt. R. FISHER, arrived in Hampton Roads on Thursday night, in 32 days from Liverpool, we have received (says the Norfolk Beacon of Sataurday last) through the usual friendly attention of Capt. Fisher, the principal London and Liverpool Journals—the former to the 11th, and the latter to the 12th ult inclusive—three days later from London and two from Liverpool, than previous advices

Adrianople surrendered to the arms of the Russians, and was occupied by the forces of Gen. Diebitsch, on the morning of 8th (20th) August, an event indicated by the intelligence by the *Nimrod*. CONSTANTINOPLE was abandoned to 8,000 Brigands, (deserters and Janissaries) who committed all kinds of excesses. Trebisond also had opened its gates to the invaders, and (according to the Gazette de France,) the Turks were sueing for peace.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 12.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA

Letters have been received from Constantinople of the 10th, and from Smyrna of the 4th ult. They confirm the important fact that the Sultan has at length yielded to the pressing remonstrances of the English and French Ambassadars, regarding the affairs of Greece, and has formally intimated his readiness to negotiate on the basis of the treaty of the 6th of July, 1827. It does not seem, however, that the event was looked upon at Constantinople as likely to facilitate or hasten a pacification with Russia, nothing having yet taken place indicative of an equal disposition to submit to the terms required by that Power. It was generally understood that Russia persisted in her pretensions of an indemnity in money to the extent of 60,000,000 of roubles; or in lieu thereof, cessions of territory on the Asiatic side alone, including some fortresses at the entrance of the Bosphorus, as a security for the free navigation between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. In regard to the pecuniary indemnity, compliance on the part of the Turkish Government was thought impracticable, the country being unable to furnish so great a sum in specie. In regard to territorial cession in Asia, and the occupation of fortresses on the Bosphorus, these seemed to be difficulties as little likely to be overcome. Reflecting men at Constantinople, therefore entertained no expectation of peace, until that city should have been entered by the Russians, and General Paskevitch have over-run the greater part of Asia Minor. A hope, however, was entertained in some quarters, that the mediation of England and other powers friendly to Turkey might obtain for her terms of a less humiliating kind than those which have been demanded by the Russian emperor: still it was evident that Turkey could not come out of the contest without suffering severely.

The Sultan was still in the capital, and a general call to arms had been made.—Commercial business was at a complete stand, both there and at Smyrna. A fire had lately occurred in that part of the capital where the European merchants have their country houses and warehouses. About 1000 buildings were consumed, and we regret to find that an English house is included among the losses to the extent of about £4000.—The exchange had fallen to 67 at Constantinople, and 66½ at Smyrna.

Elizabeth-City:

Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1829.

The third Quarterly Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church for this station, will commence in this place on Saturday the 24th inst. and continue two days.

The affairs of our town.—The season is approacning when fires are necessary to comfor[illegible]

Great Britain.—The extent of recent failures in the woollen trade, is said to have been greater than was at first apprehended. The claims on a few houses only, exceed £800,000. It was not believed the assets would average more than 2s. 6d in the pound. The distress afforded a fine harvest for country lawyers. It is not unusual for a country attorney to pocket £2000 by a single Commission.—So says the London Times.—Two houses failed for about £300,000 each.

From the Haverhill, N Hampshire Post.

REFORM! REFORM!

More of the BLESSINGS *of Reform.*

IRA WOODMAN, one of the "friends" that Jackson has lately "rewarded by appointing him Postmaster of Bethlehem in this county, was, last week, apprehended for STEALING MONEY *from the mail!!!* and is now snugly locked up in the gaol, in this village.—This comes of that "Reform" which Jackson deemed it his "*duty*" to introduce. An experienced and faithful Postmaster—against whom not one word could be said, save that he was "an Adams man"—was about four weeks ago, removed from office, to afford an opportunity to "reward" this *honest* fellow, (the same that couldn't read his own Commission,) for his "hurraing" exploits; and to pay him for his "weat and tare of conscience" in supporting Jackson.

What thanks this community owe Gen. Jackson for his thorough sweeping work, in removing *competent* and *faithful* Post masters, and thus making it *safe* to transmit money through the mails!!!

A Trio of Postmasters.—We are in this town certainly better provided for by the Government than some of our brethren in other States. In one of the towns in Delaware a very respectable Postmaster was removed, and his place supplied by a roarer for the Military Chief. The new Postmaster failing after repeated attempts to procure boudmen, returned his commission to Washington. There being no other applicant, a new commission was made out and sent to the old Postmaster; but he, indignant at being removed without cause, refused to accept it, and immediately returned it to the Postmaster General. The consequence is that there is no acting Postmaster in the town.

Not so in *this* town. Two gentlemen it is said already hold commissions as Postmasters of Taunton; and a third candidate has recently returned from Washington with assurances, as rumor has it, that a third appointment may very possibly be made here. A little time, it is said, is required at Head Quarters, to ascertain *who is who*—in other words, to learn who has rendered most service to the Administration—who is the most thorough back-bone Jackson man. The old Postmaster continues yet in discharge of the duties of the Post Office.

[*Taunton Reporter.*

Total defeat of the Spanish invading Expedition.—The Cincinnati Daily Advertiser, of the 3d inst. announces the receipt of a letter in that place, dated Sabine, Sept. 7th, which states that the Spanish invading force had *been totally defeated*, with the loss of their baggage, cannon and money. A few only escaped to sea; the remainder were slain.

Some of the disaffected old Spaniards, who were approaching to join the invaders, had also fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, with their money. All was quiet in Texas.

It will be perceived that the above intelligence is six days later than the news received by the Matilda, which arrived last Tuesday week direct from Tampico, at this place. It is no doubt correct, from the facts then communicated, of the intention of General St. Anna to attack Tampico in a few days.—[*Balt. Gaz.*

Maryland State Elections.—The returns from all the counties in the state for members to the next House of Delegates, give the Jackson party a majority of six on joint ballot, and secures the election of a Jackson Governor.

In Delaware the boot is on the other leg. The Anti-Jackson party's majority in the Legislature is as two to one, and they have elected a Governor by a majority of 169 in the whole state—(the election being by the people.)

GOOD NEWS.—We understand that one half of the capital prize of Five thousand Dollars—and One thousand Dollars drawn on thursday last in the Grand State Lottery of Maryland, were sold at Cohen's Office; the former to a resident of Norfolk the latter of Portsmouth—the fortunate holders will as usual at that office, realize the Cash on presentation.

[*Norfolk Herald.*

Cotton Canvass—The Navy Commissioners have advertised for 13,769 yards of Cotton Canvass, of the best quality. Proposals for the same are to be received until the 22d inst. The general adoption of this Canvass into our government and mercantile marine will occasion a greatly increased consumption of the raw material, and give a new impetus to the manufacturing establishments of the country.—[*Ib*

Col. Russell Jarvis, of nose pulling memory, and whilome co-partner with Gen. Duff Green in the U. S. Telegraph, has written and published as many as six numbers to let the world know that he has been most scurvily used by his late partner, whom he represents to be a very slippery fellow indeed. Green has not been silent the while, but dealt back with great force some of the thwacks with which he had been complimented by his chum. He even went so far as to mutter something about *kicking*—to which the Colonel in his rejoinder intimated to the General that as he intended to visit Washington very shortly, he should be glad to see if the General was really in a kicking humor. To this the General replied as follows:

"I have seen his letter No. 6, in which he says, that he will soon be in Washington, and expresses a desire to know whether I would kick him if I meet him in the street. I am not surprised to hear of his intended visit. I know enough of his vanity to believe, that he thinks his attack upon me will remove all obstacles out of the way of his mission to Havre or Paris—but if his object be to ascertain our desire to kick, he may save the *expense* of his journey. There are some puppies so insignificant, that even kicking would give them consequence."

This is truly as biting as mustard or cayenne; but at the same time looks kind o' like *clawing off*. Perhaps the old song of Capt. Wattle came across the General's mind:—"When he kicked Miss Rowe, why, she kicked him again."—[*Ib.*

The ill fated *George Swearingen*, formerly Sheriff of Washington County, in Maryland, and lately convicted of the murder of his wife, paid the forfeit of his crime on Friday last. He was hung in the presence of four or five thousand spectators.—[*Nat. Int.*

The Yellow Fever had broken out in Natchez, at the last dates from that place, and was raging to a considerable extent. The inhabitants were removing from the city for security.

Arrival of the Brandywine.—The U S frigate Brandywine, Com. Jones, has arrived at New York from a cruize of three years and one month in the Pacific. She left Callao on the 20th June, and Rio Janeiro on the 27th Aug. The Brandywine has brought home for trial six mutineers from the ship Constitution of Norfolk, and three from the brig Post Captain of N. York.

The Brandywine has been absent thirty-seven months, having sailed from Sandy Hook on the 3d September 1826; since when it is computed she has run upwards of 52,000 miles.

An interesting Crew.—The brig Clio, which sailed from Boston for Quebec on Wednesday last, was purchased, and is owned by *Sir Isaac Coffin*, and has on board *twenty-one boys*, all of the blood of "old Tristram Coffin"; who emigrated from Devonshire, England, in 1652, and settled in Nantucket, in 1660, having in company with Peter Folger, Dr. Franklin's grandfather, first induced the natives to sell the island. These lads are embarked under the care and instruction of Capt. Pinkham, a descendant of the same progenitor for the purpose of acquiring complete knowledge and skill in the science and duties of navigation and seamanship; and to become qualified for marine officers, either for merchant or national vessels. Capt. Pinkham has been spoken of to us as a very accomplished and careful officer, every way suited to his interesting charge. The Clio carried out a small freight with a view to meet the expenses of the voyage. Sir Isaac met the boys accidentally in the street a day or two before they sailed, and his eyes overflowed with benevolent delight, as he received their simultaneous salutation.

[*Mass. Journal.*

DIED,

In this County on Monday the 12th inst. Mr ROBERT H. BURCHER, a respectable planter and good citizen.

On Thursday last, after a lingering illness, having been confined to bed for 12 months, Mr. AARON LOW. He has left a widow and seven children.

Blanks executed at this Office.

Marine News.

PORT OF ELIZABETH-CITY.

ARRIVED SINCE OUR LAST

Schr. A. & H. Haddocks, Hawes, fr. Boston, with merchdze.

" Gully Son, Moore, from Boston, in ballast.

" Newbern Packet, Middleton, from Norfolk, via D S Canal.

" Director, Day, from N. York, with merchdze.

" Apprentice Boy, Hunnings, from Baltimore, with potatoes and onions.

" Rose-in-Bloom, Walker, from New York, with merchdze.

" Sidney Matilda, Baum, from Petersburg, in ballast.

SAILED.

Schr. Mercator, Toll, for St. Barts, with staves and shingles.

" Alpheus, Butler, for New York, with flaxseed, corn, wheat, staves and shingles.

Taxes for 1828

NOTICE is hereby given to all those persons who have not paid their Tax for the year 1828, that if they fail to pay on or before the first of December next, I shall proceed to collect as the law directs.

JOSHUA A. POOL, *Sheriff.*

Elizabeth City, Oct. 21.

Notice.

THE Northern Mail by way of the Canal, closes at Elizabeth City on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 8 o'clock P. M; leaves the following mornings at 8 o'clock and arrives in Norfolk the same evenings—leaves Norfolk on Tuesday and Friday mornings and arrives at Elizabeth City on the evenings of the same day.

Northern Mail by way of Currituck Court House, closes every Friday at 8 o'clock A. M. and departs immediately—leaves Norfolk every Sunday morning and arrives at Elizabeth City on Monday at 1 o'clock P. M.

Southern Mail closes at Elizabeth City on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 o'clock P. M., leaves early the following mornings and arrives at Edenton in the afternoon—leaves Edenton every Tuesday and Friday morning and arrives at Elizabeth-City on the evening of the same day.

A new quarter having commenced, subscribers to newspapers will be required to pay postage in advance—and all those indebted for letter postage are respectfully invited to pay up.

Wm. Gregory, P. M.

Elizabeth-City, October 7.

THE SUBSCRIBER

EMBRACES this opportunity to return his thanks to his friends and the public for the encouragement he has received, and respectfully informs them that he still continues to carry on the

Tailoring Business

at the old stand opposite the store of Mr. Hezekiah Lockwood, where he will be happy to receive and execute all orders in his line. He has had a long experience in the business in the city of New York and its vicinity, which he flatters himself will enable him to give entire satisfaction.

Caleb Bennet.

Elizabeth-City, August 5.

NOTICE

AGREEABLE to an order of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of this County, I shall sell at public auction, at Newbiggin Creek Bridge, on the 19th day of November next, on a credit of six months, five LIKELY YOUNG NEGROES, late the property of Reding Banks, decd Notes with approved security will be required.

THOMAS BANKS, admr. of Reding Banks, dec'd.

Pasquotank County, Oct. 7.—*Bt.*

THE SUBSCRIBERS

HAVING associated themselves together under the firm of H. N. & T. P. Williams, and become the successors of Wright & Williams, beg leave to inform their friends and the public that they have just received from New York per schr. Francis, and are now opening, a large and splendid assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware, which they offer for sale on such terms as cannot fail to ensure custom, if persons desirous of purchasing will call and examine their stock.

H. N. WILLIAMS.
T. P. WILLIAMS.

$100 REWARD.

ABSCONDED this day from the subscriber, living in Durant's Neck, Perquimans County, N. C. a negro slave by the name of

JACK,

aged about 29 years; a well made black fellow about six feet high, thick lips, shrewd, ingenious and artful—His back much marked, on account of old offences—believed to have a scar under one of his knee pans from the cut of a reap hook some years since—rather a whining voice when earnestly engaged in conversation.—He has an uncle by the name of Luke living near Elizabeth City and another somewhere on the Canal, and other relations, belonging to Wilie McPherson, Esq. He is well acquainted in Portsmouth and Norfolk, and no doubt will aim in that direction.

I will give the above reward for his apprehension if taken out of the state and committed so that I get him again, or fifty dollars if taken in the state—should he be taken I prefer his being committed to jail.

Jonathan H. Jacocks.

October 15th 1829.—21.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

IT is contemplated to memorialize the ensuing Congress in favor of such Non Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Revolution, as enlisted for three years, served to the close of the war, and were honorably discharged, and who received no pensions.

With this view, it is deemed expedient to ascertain their number.—Will some person in each of the United States volunteer in this service, and communicate the result as soon as practicable to JAMES FAIRLEE, Esq. City Hall; N. Y.?

The parties interested are most likely to be found in the humbler walks of life—Officers of the Revolution, and patriotic citizens, will therefore do well to circulate this notice:—their patronage is solicited.

To good feeling and liberality of the press towards them, the old Army are indebted, and by a gratuitous insertion of this in their respective papers, Editors will confer one more favor (and it has much the appearance of being the last,) on a meritorious, but much injured remnant, of that army, who are about to ask of their country, not *charity*, but *justice*.

NOTE.—Claimants must be particular to put down their whole time of service, whether in one or more campaigns, and their present places of residence, and pay their postage.

THOSE persons in this section of Virginia or North Carolina, interested in the above notice, are informed that their Claims will be attended to, every information given, and their Certificates forwarded, free of expense, *except postage*, by applying to

P. BRUNET, *Notary Public.*

Roanoke St. Norfolk, Oct. 10—21.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office, at Elizabeth City, which will be forwarded to the General Post Office on the first of January, 1830, if not taken out before that time.

Capt. Thomas Auten 2, Capt. Allen, Thomas Bradshaw, Robt Bailey 2, Charles Bright, Capt. Samuel Butler, John Barns or William, Col. Thos. Bell, Thos. W. Butler, Benjamin Crane, Capt. Charles Dudley, Secretary Eastern Lodge No. 89, Mr. Forge, Benjamin Fenney, Sec'y of Harmony Chapter, Dr. Frederick Hoskins, Capt. John Holley, James Jamberling, Edward Ironmonger, Capt. S. E. Kelly, Col. John Keen, Ambrose Knox, William Lyon 3, Capt Andrew Moore, Robert Morgan, Capt. Newman, Abner Overman, Stephen Peck 2, Mrs. Susan Phillips, Joshua A. Pool, Capt. Jesse Parker, J. Pool Sheriff 2, Priest M. E. Harmony Chap. No. 12, Henry Pool, Mrs. Mary Potts, William Price, Miss Mary Syford, John Sandlin, Wilson Sanderlin, John Stewart, Mrs. Patsey Sampson, Star E. City, Capt. Taylor, Daniel Tisdale, James Thomas, Thomas Vaughan, Martha White, Fanny Wood, Hardy Whitford, H. N. Williams, Robert Notting, Abner Williams, Thomas Williams 2, Mrs. Martha Whitney.

Wm Gregory, P. M.

October, 7.

BLANKS

Of various kinds neatly executed here.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY *alone,*
Where e'er she moves, to consecrate the place; [known,
To breathe round Nature sweets before un-
And shed the loveliest tints upon her face."

THE POWER OF GOD.

All nature doth submission pay,
And own the universal sway
Of the Almighty God;
The bellowing thunders him obey,
The vollied lightnings dare not stray,
But tremble at his nod!

The impetuous whirlwinds hear him speak,
The raging waves, they dare not break,
But at his great command!
The planetary spheres, that roll
Swifter than thought, from pole to pole,
Are governed by his hand!

Those wondrous globes of central fire,
With thousands, larger, brighter, higher,
Than mortal eye can see;
Yea, worlds like this, perhaps are they,
With sun, and moon, and night, and day,
And made, great God, by thee!

Go view, oh, man! his wondrous works,
From Seraphs, to the sons of earth—
From Angels, down to worms;
The lordly beasts, that rove the plain—
The mighty monsters of the Main—
And all the feathered race.

From creatures of enormous size,
To things, unseen by mortal eyes,
Yet all endued with life;
And speak, oh, man! how can you still
Refuse obedience to his will?
Or live with him at strife?

From the Boston Centinel.

The following is probably the most perfect specimen of *Alliteration* extant. Whoever has at any time attempted to indite an *acrostic* merely, is aware of the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters. Here the whole *Alphabet* is fathomed, and each word in each line, claims its own proper initial. It is worthy the indefatigable perseverance of another Dean Swift.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery, besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom:
Every endeavor, engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune,—fighting furious fray; [cious God;
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gra-
How honors Heaven, heroic hardihood!
Infuriate,—indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen,—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines—
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles; 'mid murderous mines:
Now noisy noxious number notice nought,
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed, 'quest;
Quit quaking, quickly quarter, quarter
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds,
Truce to thee Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zarpater's Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting—arms against appeal."

HARVEST EVENING SCENE.

Twilight has veiled the landscape. Every tree [ship, bend
And flower, in pure and voiceless wor-
At nature's altar. Autumn's rich incense
Now flows in holy sacrifice of fruits;
And the glad Earth, like Eden's garden, teems
With opulent profusion; casting forth
Her hidden stores, and laying humbly down
Unnumbered riches at the foot of man.
All living creatures brood in silence deep,
Beneath the shadow of the coming night;
Joy in labor's hour of still repose—
On dark, green vale & lofty mountain-top
The Harvest moon from star-hung places
Of Heaven, looks brightly forth; smiling to see
Earth filled with plenty, and the hand of toil
Rewarded, and the care-worn brow circled
And crowned with choicest blessings.—Who can gaze [can think
On Autumn's Evening scene—oh! who
Of him, the Giver, bountiful and good,
Who makes the heart all gladness and the place
Of desolation like the blossomed rose,
And fail to join the universal song,
Which, like the rush of wings, is sounding now
From Nature's gorgeous temples!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Columbian Star.

Maternal Influence.

That gentlest of all living things,—a mother.

No sight can be more tender than that of a pious mother, fastening the look of anxious affection upon the mild and beautiful form of her infant offspring as it lies upon her knees in balmy slumbers. What are the thoughts that seem to struggle for utterance in that breast warmed by instinctive passion? What are the bodings mingled with prayers which vibrate on her placid frame? What anticipation transports, what dread chills, what glory brightens, what gloom obscures, the confused visions of her mind? She seems to address the helpless loveling, and to say, "My sweet little stranger, to what end art thou cast upon the trials and perturbations of a treacherous world? Art thou born to happiness or misery, to honour or infamy, to enjoy the sweets of friendship or the cruelties of malice, to taste the delights of fruition, or to grasp the thorn of disappointment? Will virtue preside over thy ways, and wisdom direct thy steps, and joy fill thy cup; or wilt thou be abandoned to those passions which shall tear thee like vultures, and consume the last particle of thy happiness? Peradventure the assassin's dagger awaits my boy, or the fathomless depth contains his tomb, or pestilence comes with insidious step to meet thee, or dismal penury is preparing for thee its ill-advising suggestions? Will it be thy unhappy lot to forget God thy Maker, to rush reckless and inconsiderate into the way of transgression, and thus to ruin thy precious soul; or wilt thou be persuaded to repent and turn to God with all thy heart, and thus secure the prize of immortal joy? *What manner of child wilt thou be?*"

She can imagine but one relief for these portentous apprehensions; and that is found in the guard with which religion fortifies the abodes of youth, in the shield which virtue places upon the unsuspecting form of juvenile infirmity. This defence is more than valiant bands, more than the treasures of opulence, and stands instead of parental care, of friendship's sweets, and fortune's smile. Her first wish, therefore, is to imbue the tender heart with wisdom's restraining virtue, and to turn upon those powers which contain the rudiments of future manhood, the salutary beam of the Sun of righteousness.

Examples of maternal success in alluring to virtuous determinations the unformed principles of sons and daughters, stand forth in the brilliant records of goodness and piety. How much the cause of truth, of humanity, and of all that conduces to the dignity and happiness of man may be indebted to this instrumentality, is not to be known now; but that great revealer of secrets, the LAST DAY, will do justice to this important subject, and will exhibit its astonishing connexion with the whole history of man.

I feel persuaded, Mr. Editor, that you will have no objection to record one instance more which has come under my knowledge, of the happy results of a mother's influence in drawing from the snares of vice, and in directing to the *path of life*, a son whose untoward nature afforded but little promise of success.—The youth to whom I allude inherited from nature a large portion of those passions which seek an early mastery over all those in whom they abide as inherent qualities; and which are not apt to yield to the feeble restraints of discipline. He was indeed at no time so far abandoned to obduracy as to lose all sense of respect for God and his parents. But *a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked* hurried him on into scenes and excesses, which were well designed effectually to obliterate from his mind every impression of that pious counsel in which he had been nurtured. When sufficiently advanced in life to enter into scenes of dissipation, his greatest pleasure lay in the company of those who paid no respect whatever to the institutions of religion. Among them he heard the name of God profaned, saw the sabbath turned into a season of unhallowed amusement and recreation, and became familiarized to various habits of an ungodly life. On one occasion when he had prepared himself for the brainless enjoyment of a horse race, and was issuing forth flushed with the expectation of the pleasure that he was to realize among his jovial companions, and their flowing bowls, he was met by the then unwelcome form of a grieved, anxious MOTHER. The tear which was beginning to roll down her pensive cheek told him plainly enough the meaning of that unexpected interview, and imparted an awe to her presence which damped his headlong ardour. She improved the moment to warn the impetuous youth. The enticements of sinners were pourtrayed, the easy descent to the gulf smoking with the ruin of human wretches was pointed out, and the voice of parental authority, faltering with grief, demanded the prompt relinquishment of his mad design.—He remained for a time motionless and disconcerted. But after recovering a little from his embarrassment, in order to mitigate the affectionate solicitude which throbbed with rapid pulsations through a parent's aching heart, he promised her that this should be the last time he would ever urge his way to such a scene.—The promise, however, was forgotten almost as soon as made, and the tumult of pleasure speedily drowned the voice of maternal expostulation.

That mother, who thus saw herself in a manner deserted by a profligate child, who perceived that her kindest entreaties passed like the transient gale over the heart of the fickle youth, still did not intermit her prudent efforts to arrest and restrain his infatuation. After he had violated a solemn promise, and had shown no symptoms of compunction or regret, she might have concluded it a hopeless experiment to use any further endeavours to control or persuade him. But though often disappointed, she did not cease to interpose, betwixt all the intervals of his sober reflection, reproofs mingled with tears and kindness.

After the lapse of a little time this young man was required, in the prosecution of business, to take leave of the parental roof, and to make his abode among strangers. Even then he continued a course of thoughtless living, and seemed to harden himself in the wilful rejection of every serious thought. On one evening, after a scene of mirthful levity, the thought of a distant mother stole upon his mind, and found a moment's indulgence. It rolled gently and softly upon his spirit, like a remote sound which the din of the day had drowned, but which the silence of the night permitted to reach his thoughtless sense.—With the idea of a grieved, neglected parent, was associated the remembrance of her tears, her importunate admonitions, her persevering diligence in casting obstacles in his way to destruction, and also his own repeated promises. The impression was deep and salutary. He was agitated during the night by awful apprehensions of an impending ruin, and the still more dreadful fear that he had now to deal with that God whom his crimes and ingratitude had rendered inexorable for ever. The resolution, however, was deeply fixed and imprinted on his mind, that he would break off his sins, and pursue a life of rectitude and sobriety. It pleased God at the same time to make his heart soft, and to incline him to the ways of righteousness. The pious counsels of his mother came fresh to his recollection. His soul was melted into deep contrition, and he soon conveyed to the delighted ear of that affectionate parent, who had been so long afflicted by his hurtful levities and sin, the pleasing intelligence of his repentance towards GOD, and faith in the LORD JESUS. A. B.

From the Catskill Recorder.

AUTUMN.

Linger, then, yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough,
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile
That is taken from you now.—*Hemans.*

Had we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrillingly upon the lessons taught so forcibly in the advent of sober suited autumn. Coldly indeed must he look upon nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates, involuntary, to every feeling of his breast. In the Spring, the fairy melody is made up of the unmingled warbling of rapture, the involuntary thrills of untaught fingers, the overflowings of that spring of gladness, which gave mythology her fabled fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of heaven. In Summer it is mellowed into the harmony of hope. The voice which never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; its echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and ever varying consonances chime, swell, and estuate in infinite gradation.—Beautifully, though sadly the reverse of these, is the style of Autumn's 'unwritten music.' The hope of the glad Spring, and the devotion of the ardent Summer have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone.—The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained, but not to break. The mind is no longer a mighty organ yielding its sounds to the hand of man; but becomes a gentle Æolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the Autumnal breeze. Plaintive and sweet, as though sound itself had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come upon the ear, blending into harmony such strains as no art can imitate, no science arrange, no skill record. Such is the music of Autumn upon that deep-toned instrument—the heart.

The grave comes gloomily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet buried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments, the last home of man is a welcome theme. Lovely to him, not only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave—the cold and dreary grave, sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a charm for him. No marvel then that he wooes the melancholy influence of Autumn, breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forrests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of Spring's first flowers; but its little idols will wither. Let maturer youth yield its full devotion to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer; yet they, too, shall pass away. But who that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued though softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the Summer cloud, will cling to such fleeting hues again. There is an autumn in the soul, where all these images are mirrored deep and indelible. Even the Winter of age though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly lingering hues of Autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope—and the memory itself is life.

"THE TIE THAT BINDS US"—There are many of them, tender yet strong—sweet and enduring.

A young man of nineteen, setting out for a distant part of the country in pursuit of fortune, I cast my eyes around the scene of my infant sports—my boyish revels, and more manly exercises. The silent adieu of a father who, shaking the hand, did not choose to speak lest the attempt to say "FAREWELL," should betray the deep feelings of the heart, by the trembling lip and faltering tongue:—The mother's tender embrace and flowing tears;—the hill—the rocks—the meadows—the school house—the companions of my youth—and the pale maiden that pressed to say "good bye"—yet shrunk back because she dare not trust herself:—Ah Home—sweet Home—the parental hearth—the circle of early friends—scenes of youth—of innocence and happiness,—"*How 'sweet the tie that binds us.*"

In later life, taking leave for a journey—far away over mountains and stream; the deep and anxious expression of her who has united, in the tenderest bonds her destines with ours, for weal or woes, "until death us do part"—The throbbing bosom—the flush of hope—the palid hue of fear—and then to clasp one prattler to the breast, while you bend over the dimpled cherub, its sleeping brother, that smiles as you look, as if conscious of a parent's gaze, '*Ah me—How sweet, how strong the tie that binds us.*'

Duty calls to a foreign land. We look, out with new sensation of attachment upon the hills and the valleys—the fair fields and the rugged mountains of our beloved country. Political rivalry—party animosity, subside. The Republic, governed by the Constitution of our choice; our just and wholsome laws—our equal rights—our liberal institutions.—It is the land of Washington—of Penn. It is the burying place of our fathers and the residence of those we hold most dear.—"It is the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Cold must be the heart that does not then feel "*How strong and how sweet the tie that binds us.*"—*Village Record.*